1850

OLD DAME TROT.

W. FORTEY, Printer, Monmouth Court.

DAME TROT

AND HER

Comical Cat.

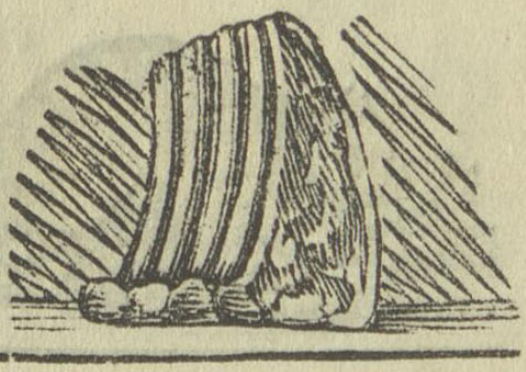
Old Dame Trot going to the fair,
With her cat on her shoulder, to see
the folks there.

Dame Trot and her cat,
Sat down for a chat,
The dame sat on this side,
And Puss sat on that.

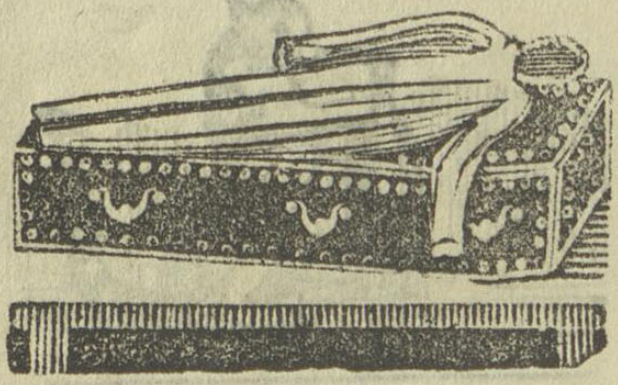
Puss said the dame,
Can you catch a rat
Or a mouse in the dark?
Purr, said the cat.

Old Dame Trot,
Some cold fish had got,
Which for Pussy
She kept in store,

When she looked there was
none,
The cold fish was gone,
For Pussy had been there before

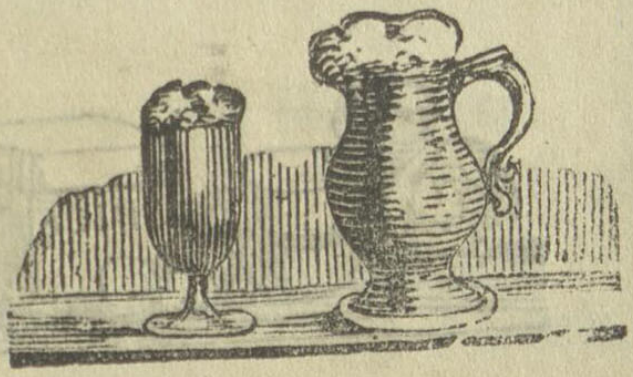


She went to the butcher's
To buy her some meat,
When she came back,
She lay as dead at her feet.



She went to the undertaker's
For a coffin and shroud,
When she came back,
Puss sat up and mewed.

e trotted again,
To buy her some milk,
When she came back,
She was sewing of silk.



She went for some ale,
Because she was dry,
When she came back,
Puss was making a pie.

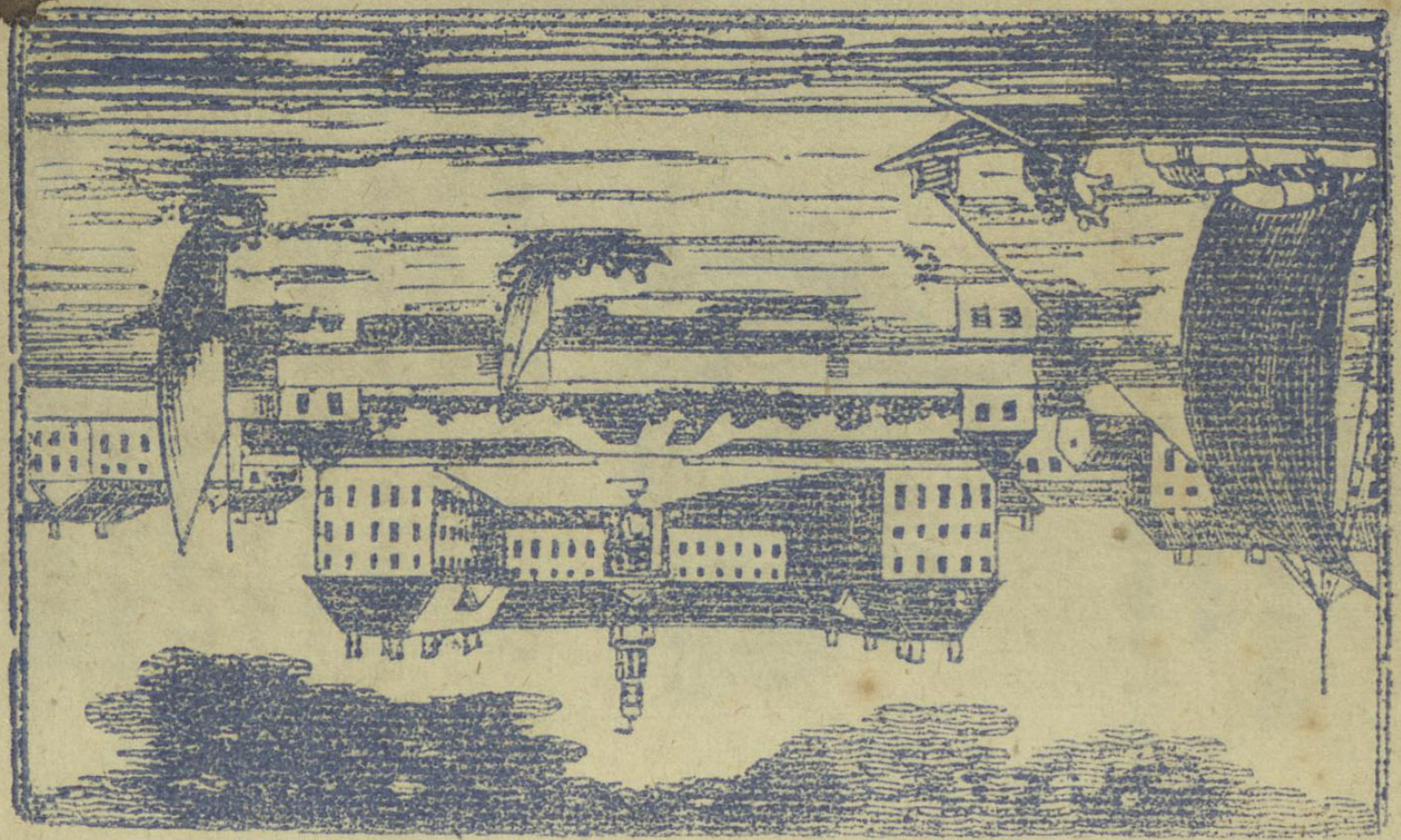
She trotted once more,
For brandy and gin,
When she came back,
She was sat down to spin.

She went to buy apples,
And sugar, and spice,
When she came back,
Puss was fiddling to mice.

She went to buy her
A high-crown'd hat,
When she came back
Puss was killing a rat.

She went to buy her,
Cap, necklace, and frock,
When she came back,
She was riding Shock.
She went to buy slippers
Made of Spanish leather,
When she came back they
Were smoking together.

The fire was out,
So went for some fuel,
When she came back
They were fighting a duel.

She trotted once more
To buy her a tart,
When she cam back,
Puss was dress'd smart.
You look nice now dress'd,
Says little Dame Trot,
Puss curtsied and mewed,
But further said not.

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